

# SILVERBACK

My Life & Journey

Written by:

**SILVERBACK**

Foreword by:

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I am a...

Dreamer,

an *Artist,*



Title: SILVERBACK "My Life & Journey"  
Created and Written by: SILVERBACK  
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Dedicated To:

Allen Bellman, Nick Cardy & Al Plastino,  
I thank the three of you for starting me on this path.  
I took your words to heart and though two of you  
aren't here with us I feel your presence always!

# foreword

I can account the exact time or how I met J.R as he is called, it was at Free Comics Book Day 2013. He told me that he was a fan and dreamed of one day being in the industry. I can tell there was something in this man's voice that told me that he was on a path and needed to express himself.

What I learned was that J.R wanted a career in art, a man long past his childhood, but an ambition that roared inside of him. A feeling that would not go away.

Now age has not stopped him and his appearances in many comic cons, tells me he is on his way. So my hat is off to J.R the one known as "SILVERBACK" and my best wishes.

As my mother would say, "Only in America!"

Cheers for Mr. Ormsby!

Allen Bellman, Comic book artist from the Golden Age of Timely/Marvel Comics.

# introduction

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I've known Glaister for 23 years when I moved back to the state of Florida in 92. I found it quite odd that even though he lived right next to me I rarely saw him. He barely came outside only to find out him and my cousin Travis at the time was really close. Later on I found out about Glaister's love for drawing. I found him to be quite the shy type but if you got him to talking about drawing you could get

Glaister to talk for hours. I remember seeing him glow while showing my cousin Travis and I a picture he was drawing when we were in the 10th grade it was amazing to see a young man with such passion about a hobby. However, to this day he still lights up the same way when discussing his love for drawing.

I lost Glaister for a couple of years and when he came back into my life much to my surprise he was a family man. He had the pleasure and I had the honor of meeting his wonderful son Devante who he adores just as much as he loves drawing. Glaister is one of my oldest and dearest friends and to prove it to him I had him draw my name just so I could have it tattooed on me. It

turned out to be an amazing piece for me and if he ever wanders off again and I not see or hear from him again for a brief moment in time I will always have him close to me forever. Now I am watching Glaister combine his love for drawing with his passion for comics to become “SILVERBACK” and along with this transformation he has become an awesome writer as well.

Not sure what else this man can possibly think to accomplish in our upcoming years but I’m quite sure I will be completely enamored with it. Glaister never ceases to amaze me with his endeavors and I know the skies the limits for him and his dreams.

I love him to the moon and back!

Conquella Solomon

# prologue

Friday, January 16th, 2015  
9:42 am I find myself  
standing in front of a 10th  
floor hotel window looking out  
at the runway of the Miami  
International Airport. Black  
Hell and Holy Water shirt  
laying on the foot of the king  
size bed that helped me sleep  
somewhat peacefully 12  
hours ago. A knock on the  
door from room service pulls  
me from the moment of self-  
introspect as my son Devante  
calls out "breakfast is  
here...FRENCH TOAST, YES!"

Truth be told French toast was a good idea  
when ordered but I wasn't that hungry  
when it arrived. My nerves had taken hold  
as I was swallowed by the moment of  
excitement, anxiousness and  
curiosity. What will be their response? Will  
they like the artwork? Will the story's  
concept captivate them on impact? Or will I  
be laughed out of the building? No time for  
that now as I get my head cleared and get  
my shit together. My son is over there  
stuffing his face with bacon cheeks filled  
like a squirrel and enjoying every bite. If  
only I could switch places with him just for  
a few moments give him my bundle of



nerves and I can take his plate of French toast.

Unfortunately that's not an option, I wanted this. As a matter of fact I have wanted this moment my whole life and now it's here. The proverbial brass ring, well mine is right in front of me and in a few minutes I will have reached out and grabbed it. He finishes his breakfast I take the last swallow of my orange juice and grab my shirt off the bed. Mentally I run through my checklist for the final time and realize I have everything only thing left is to grab my briefcase and walk out the door. As we step out the room into the hallway I hear the door's lock click and my heart races as we head to the awaiting elevator. It seems that the closer I get to the elevator the farther away it seem to be but again it's my nerves and at this point I grab myself and tell myself "get a grip! You got this! Let's go and show the world what is headed their way!"

In the elevator press L and wait for the doors to close as I begin my descent into the unknown, into my future, into my moment. My son has visions of more bacon so he is oblivious to the fact of what I'm feeling. "DING", doors open, lobby awaits and now the walk through the promenade to the convention center. I turn on my Bluetooth headphones scrambling through

my Google Play on my phone to find something. Nonpoint's "Bullet with a Name" blaring in my ears I feel calm for the first time in 24 hours.

Taking that long walk granted I should've felt like a convict walking to the electric chair but it was the complete opposite. It was a big fight feel! Like walking down the aisle at WrestleMania or to ring for a UFC fight. Better yet I got it I felt like "Iron" Mike Tyson and I was about to knock someone's ass out in the 1st round!!!

The closer I got to the front doors the more I felt the persona of my pen name grow. I was born Glaister Ormsby but when I wrote I wrote under the name SILVERBACK. Though the promenade hallway, out the doors leading to the outside walkway the song changes to Metallica's "The Memory Remains" and it's funny because out of everything that has occurred in my life this would be truly one of the memories that will remain. This morning, this minute, this second, this moment in time when I place my hand on the door handle and walk into the Miami Airport Convention Center not as a fan or paid attendee but as a comic book writer and artist.

The penned persona has grown larger than the enclosure he found himself in. I have

stepped in and he has broken through the cage. Magic City beware the SILVERBACK has been UNLEASHED!

And there's no turning back now.

# 1

I was born September 2nd 1975 in Brooklyn New York to Hortense and Glaister Ormsby. My mother was a nurse and my father was a cook in the hospital. They had met a few years earlier being that they both worked in the same hospital. My dad was born in Kingston Jamaica and she was born in Belmopan Belize. Both very small cities in the islands, modest and simple living followed them both to the states. I really hadn't known much about their upbringing except for the fact that they both worked at a very early age either in the fields or in the factories.

My early childhood was simple for as long as I could remember there was my mom and my dad and I and that was it. They both worked and I was sent off to daycare Monday through Friday until turning 6 and attended private school for the 1st grade. Excelsior Elementary was a completely different world from daycare no more naps, no more running around playing freeze tag. Goodbye freedom hello

structure and hello real world. Private school was something that was a new experience in so many ways now I know only being on this earth for a few years don't make me an expert but there are some things that I knew. You wore a suit either to church or a funeral, everyone only dressed the same if you were on the same team or in the Army together. I had to forget everything I knew correction everything I thought I knew up to this point.

*Note to self: in private school everyone is required to wear a school uniform. Suits are not just for funerals, and in private school all the boys dressed exactly the same (navy blue jacket, white shirt and grey slacks).*

So with that being established I was thrust into a world of structure at an early age and I didn't like it! I felt like I was stuck in a rut and I know you're probably saying to yourself this kid is still wet behind the ears what the hell does he know about being in a rut? Trust me I do every morning walking from my home to the school all you could see was a sea of navy blue and grey walking into the building in a straight procession. One long ass procession the only thing missing was the fat guy standing there beating his kettledrum to a very slow and deliberate pace as we marched in. Did I

mention that I hated structure; but it was here where I found out that I have a love for art and it was here that I learned you can't trust everyone that snakes come in all shapes sizes and ages.

It was time for the school's annual bake sale and I was excited I didn't know what to expect but I had heard from some of the older kids that you could find some of the best cupcakes at their bake sale and I had a MONSTER SIZED SWEET TOOTH! There was an older girl that that had a platter of golden yellow cupcakes with chocolate frosting for sale for \$1.00 and I bought one and nibbled on it as I walked around the gym and took a look at all the other wares for sale.

It was there; right there where I saw the coolest thing it was a drawing of a guy with pointy ears wearing a cape. I asked how much and she told me \$10.00 so I without any hesitation I gave this complete stranger \$10.00 without a second thought. I got it and it was the most awesome thing I had ever bought it my life and so happy that I had it until I got home.

The thing about island parents is that they are not as flexible and lenient as you would think. Running home at full speed to show off my purchase was like a slave running

home to master after doing something they had no business doing. The results were the same much like the slave I got a whipping for it. Spending \$10.00 for a drawing was not allowed nor was it going to be tolerated so you guessed it the very next day my father marched right down to the school and demanded to find out who took my money for such foolishness.

Now to be honest I wasn't looking forward to my dad stomping down to the school to make a giant scene but I was looking forward to going home and analyzing the drawing I purchased to study it so I guess I had to take the good with the bad.

# 2

It didn't take long for me to be hooked on comic book art not too long after the fiasco at the school's bake sale. I loved the lines, the details and the colors the captivating powers of a character's intricate design. I wanted to not only look at them I wanted to draw them, I wanted to create my own and that was exactly what I did. I picked up a pencil and never looked back. I had my stumbling blocks along the way but I kept moving forward.

It was hard to get that overwhelming support at home because as far as they could tell I was just drawing "robots" (truth be told that's exactly what they called everything I drew) and truth be told it hurt. So to parents I say this: *Your kids seeking your approval is the foundation to their creative development. They draw what they feel and what they love and they want to share that with the world starting with you. Your approval or disapproval can shape not only their confidence but it can also structure how they see their art from*



*that point forward. Will it be their finest moment at that time or will it be the design that they second guess and hide from the world?*

I chose not to let their condescending opinions stop me. I found approval first from myself and then from others. Students in the same grade as myself and older started to notice my ability. Before I knew it I was able parlay my talent into a lucrative little side business designing artwork for students' book report covers. Soon after word of my business made it to the ears of the teacher's lounge and next thing I knew I was not only drawing for the students I was now designing for the faculty. I was respected and demanded for my art and I LOVED IT!

I charged both the teachers and the students a specific fee based on what they wanted the next thing I know I was on top of the world even though it put a lot of pressure on me to now complete my homework, study for test and make deadlines but it allowed me pick up some extra cash to pay for my toys but more importantly it gave me an opportunity to do what I love...DRAW!